

ENGLISH TRAINS
RUN HAPHAZARD

Civilian Traveller Faces
About Even Chance of
Making Destination

FARES RAISED;
SCHEDULES CUT

Luggage Has but Little
Chance, as Military Com-
mandeers Cars

London, Jan. 13.—Travelling in Eng-
land has become a matter of serious
consideration. Fares have been raised,
trains have been cut down in every
direction and baggage is no longer safe
unless it is in hand.

Trains in England are henceforth
wanted chiefly for carrying soldiers
and munitions. Ordinary travelling
for no particular purpose is looked at
askance.

Consequently all fares have been
raised 50 per cent. On top of this every
passenger is restricted to 100 pounds of
luggage. It is no use thinking that by
paying excess rates more luggage can
be carried.

And then trains have been cut down
in every direction. It is useless to con-
sult a timetable before making a jour-
ney. It is necessary to go to the station
and inquire whether any particular
train is still running. Even though it
should be, it is most probably taking
double the time on the journey.

Several American commercial travel-
lers have had almost tragic experi-
ences in this country within the past
few weeks. Arriving, perhaps, with a
lot of samples, they have found rail-
roads refusing to transport them.
Then they have attempted to have them
sent at freight rates—only to find that
all freight trains are entirely taken up
with the carriage of munitions. Next
they have inquired after automobiles to
take their goods to London, only to
find that all automobiles have been
 commandeered. And should they, after
long delays succeed in getting their
goods and samples to London, it is only
to find that all their troubles begin in
a more intensified fashion over again.
To all intending travellers in this
country there is one golden rule—carry
only one small grip and don't let go
thereof.

TO SHOW AMERICAN HEROES

French Ambulance Films To Be
Shown at Anderson Studio

The official films of the American
Ambulance Corps in France will be shown
for the first time in this country next
Friday afternoon at A. A. Anderson's
studio, 80 West Fortieth Street.

Drivers of war ambulances in dan-
ger zones will act as lecturers at the
presentation of the films. The pro-
ceeds will be used to further the
ambulance work in France. Tickets
may be procured at 80 West Fortieth
Street, or at the home of Mrs. J. N.
Blanchard, 1109 Madison Avenue.

Among the patrons for the at-
tention are Mrs. A. A. Anderson, Mrs.
John Purroy Mitchell, Mrs. A. D. Cla-
lin, Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. Charles
T. Barney, Mrs. James L. Breese, Mrs.
James Barclay, Mrs. Henry Babcock,
Mrs. Walter Bliss, Mrs. C. Ledyard
Blair, Mrs. Simeon Chapin, Mrs.
George C. De Witt, Mrs. Edwin Gould,
Mrs. Horace Harding, Mrs. Frederic
Pearson, Mrs. C. T. Richards and Mrs.
Charles Scribner.

Sees Revolt in Germany
If Fair Peace Is Offered

Continued from page 1

go back to Germany and I've been seen dining with the British Embassy
what do you think would happen to me?"

DODGED SPIES IN TAXICAB

He laughingly agreed it wouldn't do. But after a few minutes he
returned to the dinner invitation. "Suppose," he said, "you dine with me
and we elude the spies. I'll take a taxi and be on a given street corner
at a given hour, and you come along and take the taxi." The humor of
the situation appealed to me, and I agreed.

That night at 7 I slipped quietly out of my hotel and down a deserted
street. On the street corner stood a taxi. I opened the door and popped
in. It was the right one. We had a great laugh. We felt we were
acting the leading roles in a new movie. We had dinner at a country
club and I got my first glimpse of the reverse side of the war. This young
Englishman had a real point of view. Women and soldiers see the war
straight. They know its cost. It's the civilians at home that are bitter
and relentless.

We talked as much of prisons as of
war. We tied the two together.
"There are two ways of treating Ger-
many," I said. "It's the difference be-
tween the old prison system and the
new. The old method of punishment
doesn't work. Beat a convict and you
fill him with rage and don't reform
him, but give the men behind the bars
a square deal, be big and fair and gen-
erous, and you get real reformation.
Personally, I wish the Allies hadn't
thrown bombs on cities. In Baden
Baden eighty women and children were
killed."

Shouldn't Have Copied Germany
The captain's brow puckered. "It
was a mistake," he agreed. "We
oughtn't to have copied Germany.
Many of us voted against it, but the
measures carried."

"I think," I continued, "the radicals
in Germany could be of use. Why
not appeal to them? Drop literature,
instead of bombs, in the trenches. Tell
the German people what you're after."

"We've thought of that," he replied,
and then inquired: "Were you in Ber-
lin in August— aeroplanes flew over
the city that day with literature?" I
remembered the date perfectly. I had
been on the street all day, but I'd seen
and heard nothing. I said so. The
captain was disappointed. "I was
afraid there was a hitch," he said.

The captain was well posted about
Germany. He knew of the food short-
age. He watched for signs of col-
lapse. One of his first questions was,
"Is the Zoo in Berlin still open?"
This English officer had no thought of
peace. Germany must first be defeat-
ed. But he was not vindictive. He
did not want punishment.

Captain Promises Passport
When we parted I had his promise
of assistance. In three days came a
note asking me to call. He delivered
over my passport. On it was written
this sentence: "Seen at the British
Legation at Bern, September 22, 1916.
Miss Doty is personally known to me.
Good for London."

In addition, a letter in French for
use in France was given to me.
That night I took the train for Paris.
Before leaving I destroyed all but my
business letters. A precious note from
Romain Rolland went into the fire. I
dared not carry it. I was told a wom-
an who travelled with his book,
"Above the Battle," was arrested as a
suspect. The famous novelist is an
exile in Switzerland. I did not see
him. But I sent him an invitation
from the Woman's Peace party to

That gave me two days in Paris. I
spent them in the shops and on the
boulevards. Paris thrives. Every one
is busy. There are few signs "to rent."
The shops are gay with the latest
fashions. But much has vanished. France
of a year ago has vanished. France
begins to realize she has Germany by
the throat. The soldiers jostle one
on the street. They walk with the air
of conquerors; they grow brutal. And
the boulevards are filled with women
of the street.

There are other signs that are dis-
tressing. France copies Germany. She
grows militaristic. She refuses pas-
sage to men like Romain Rolland.
With the loss of freedom goes idealism.
I began to fear for France.

France a Land of Plenty
To go from Germany to France is
like going from a desert island to a
land of plenty. The Allies have all the
resources. They have raw material,
workers—70,000 Chinese, for instance—
food and munitions. Each day Ger-
many's supply of these diminishes.
But as long as Germany has a speck
of food or a man to fight she will have
military strength. You can't beat Ger-
many at her own game.

You can't beat back over twenty
miles of trenches without a struggle
that will bankrupt the world. The
there are other signs of a new order.
The methods of free people. The methods
of the new prison system. Ways that
seek not punishment, but justice.
Ways that, conscious of strength, offer
justice.

Sunday I took the train for
Havre. I was careful to show only the
Berne visa, and I was passed without
comment. As I gazed from the car win-
dow I saw the country teeming with
activity. Smoke poured from factories.
At one point we came to a military
centre. Here gigantic new buildings
were in progress and railroad tracks
were being laid in every direction.
Thousands of cars stood on sidings.
It looked as if France and England had
a plant that could supply the world.
By contrast Germany was pitiful.

Submarine Halts Crossing

In the compartment with me was an
attractive French girl. She had dan-
cing eyes, wore a very short skirt and
carried a gayly colored hat box. The
girls as herself. All the soldiers
were attentive. She was radiant. The
lack of young men in Paris made life
dull. She was off for London. I found
we shared the same stateroom. As we
went on the boat, I drew into my
Havre we heard bad news. A German
submarine had been sighted, and the
London boat would not leave that night.

Havre is the seat of the Belgian gov-
ernment and crowded with Belgian and
English soldiers. The chance for ac-
commodations was small. An old post-
man offered me his services. He swung
me on to the high front seat of the
post wagon and piled my baggage on the
back. Then we tore down the
street at a mad pace to the best hotel.
It was a wild race for rooms. I se-
cured the last to be had. The hotel—six
and was at the top of the hotel—six
and no elevator. But I was
thankful for a bed.

Havre's Lightness Gone

Havre itself is unattractive. English
Tommy's lounge about the place. They
fill the cafes and drink unduly. They
have robbed Havre of Parisian light-
ness. It has grown coarse and dirty.

At the hotel we met a couple of
young English army officers. They
were both under twenty-five. They
were back from the front for a few
days. They came from the wealthy
and aristocratic class in England. They
were frankly delighted to be with us.
"We've wondered," they said, "whether
we should ever again go to teas and
dances and be just frivolous." They
invited us to tea. We went to the most
pretentious tea room in town. They
kept me talking about Germany. They
couldn't hear enough.

"They grew very confidential. 'It's
all very well,' said one, and the other
agreed, 'for Lloyd George to sit home
and talk about knockout blows and
plan away our lives, but I tell you
when we're in the trenches I feel
for us at any price. When we get back
as far as here we think we'll fight a
little longer, and when we get to Eng-
land we talk the way Asquith does.'"

Other Ways Besides Killing

"There are other ways of winning
besides just killing," I suggested. "You
might start a revolution in Germany.
If the Allies would officially state fair
terms for peace and have these put
into Germany and dropped by aero-
planes in all the German trenches
things would happen. The Germans
suffer horribly. If you made the peo-
ple realize you weren't out for con-
quest they'd quit fighting you and go
for their own government."

The young officers were silent for a
moment. Then they burst out with:
"That's a great idea. It would mean
setting the Germans to killing each
other instead of us." I had to laugh.
But perhaps their interpretation was
not far from the truth. "Anyways," I
added, "it couldn't do any harm to try
the plan."

That night we boarded the Channel
steamer. The little French girl super-
vised my luggage while I told my life
history to English officers. It was two
and a half hours before I was released.
The steamer was frightfully hot. Every
porthole was fastened down to prevent
a ray of light escaping. The decks
were in total darkness. The heat crept
into the black, silent night. The
little French girl and I spent the night
on deck.

British Shifted Burden
The stewardess had told me a har-
rowing story. Not long before a Ger-
man woman had crossed on a Channel
steamer. She was a spy. The English
discovered her treachery. They faced
her with facts. They promised if she
confessed to send her back. She did
confess. Next morning she was shipped
to France. England shifted the bur-
den. She did not want to kill a woman,
but she knew France would. Twenty-
four hours later the woman was shot
on French soil.

In Germany I had spoken of Edith
Cavell. I said that it was a mistake.
Many Germans agreed, but then they
shrugged their shoulders, and said the
Allies aren't much better. I knew now
why.

We reached Southampton in the
early morning. Without breakfast and
without sleep, it was hard to be here
ful. But I did my best with my life
story. My passport was taken, and I
was told as soon as I reached London
to go to Scotland Yard.

On the train to London I met a
very tired Englishman and an Eng-
lish woman. He had been driving an
ambulance at the front, she nursing
the wounded. The little French girl
was a delight to them. She robbed life
of horror. The Englishman's feet were
very long and they came dangerously
near the gay hat box. "You must be
careful of our Paris hat," I said, smil-
ing first at him and then at the attrac-
tive owner. He drew his feet in
solitiously and said earnestly: "I'd
hurl myself out of the window before
I'd hurt that hat." Soldiers and women
keep their balance. Suffering makes
them generous. It's the civilians at
home that bring havoc.

London Has Grown Quieter

London was quieter than a year ago.
The gaudy enlistment posters have
vanished; bands no longer play. The
people have settled into harness. At
night the streets are totally black. One
cannot see the curbstone and has to
be led by an escort. Between fog and
the short winter days London is dreary.
The streets are crowded and life goes
on as usual, but a spirit of relentless
puritanism has reawakened in the land.
The English people do not know that
Germany suffers.

They believe she stores up goods to
destroy them commercially after the
war. The English fear this and want
Germany smashed. They believe in
punishment. Germany must be liked

like a schoolboy. This makes the peo-
ple hard. The radicals see the danger.
They know if England succeeds it will
react on England. She will become a
bully and illiberal.

Slowly England is dividing into two
camps—those who want to fight only
for the freedom and reinstatement of
the outcasts, and those who want, in
addition, to smash the enemy. The
latter class predominate in both Eng-
land and France. The militarists get
ever a tighter hold. While Germany
is opening up and her people begin to
talk, slowly England and France close
in, shut out liberty and grow relent-
less.

Dreams a Way Out

I stayed only ten days in England.
London grows uninteresting. It has
few meetings, no street orators and
little discussion. It is becoming what
Germany was a year ago. Yet I had no right
to talk in England. My pass had been
given me by English military author-
ity. But on the ocean homeward
bound my thoughts ran riot. I had
seen both sides. I had no doubt about
the outcome. Germany would eventu-
ally be beaten. Her resources were
becoming exhausted. But a prolonged
struggle might mean bankruptcy,
spiritual and physical, for the Allies.
Was there a way out? Again the
new prison system rushed upon me.
Treating convicts kindly and really re-
forming them did not mean opening
the gates and letting them run amok.
Neither did offering Germany just
terms of peace and appealing to the
best that was in her mean letting
Prussianism overrun the world. Sud-
denly I closed my eyes and dreamed
a dream. I saw our little grandchild-
ren fifty years hence in school bend-
ing over history books, and this is
what they read:

"In 1917 a great change in thought
came over the earth. It revolutionized
history. No other event since the
freeing of the slaves was of such im-
portance. The spirit of social service
which had crept into people permeated
the nations and guided their actions.
In this spiritual regeneration America
led the way. From her came the doc-
trine: 'We must fight for justice, but
never to conquer or punish.' Let him
who is without sin among you cast
the first stone. We are not our
brother's keeper, but our brother's
helper. Our own hands have not al-
ways been clean. We have fattened
on the Great War. We wish to make
reparation. We ask to be allowed to
aid with the war indemnities. We
wish to contribute a billion dollars to
the reestablishment of Belgium, Ser-
bia and Poland."

Spirit of America Wins

"It was this spirit in America," con-
tinued the history, "that changed the
whole trend of events. When peace
negotiations came they were not, as
formerly, secret diplomatic juggling to
see which nation could grab the most.
Peace terms were stated openly.
"The reestablishment of small na-
tions was insisted on, and in case of a
dispute, a plebiscite decided the na-
tionality of the disputed territory. An
endeavor was made to give to the ut-
most, instead of take to the utter-
most."

"So the foundations of the permanent
peace we enjoy to-day were laid. To
our grandfathers belongs the glory of
establishing the rule: 'What can I
give?' not 'What can I grab?'"

Was it a dream? I woke with a

BRONX BAR ELECTIONS

Henry K. Davis Made President of As-
sociation for 1917

The Association of the Bar of the
County of the Bronx announced yes-
terday the election of the following
officers for the year 1917:

President, Henry K. Davis; first vice-
president, John Davis; second vice-
president, Harold C. Knappell; sec-
retary, Forrest C. Hirleman; treasurer,
William A. Keating.
Louis O. Van Doren was appointed
chairman of a committee to place a
portrait of the late Justice John I.
Brady, a charter member, in the Bronx
County Court House.



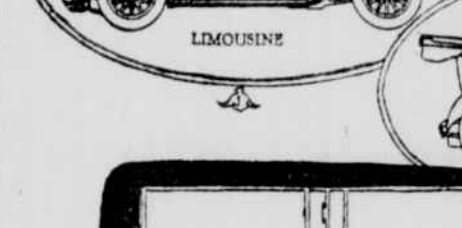
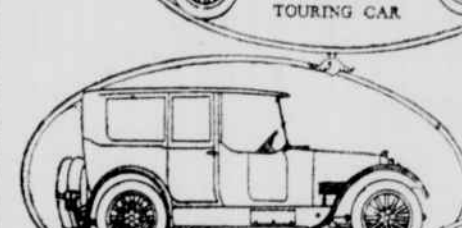
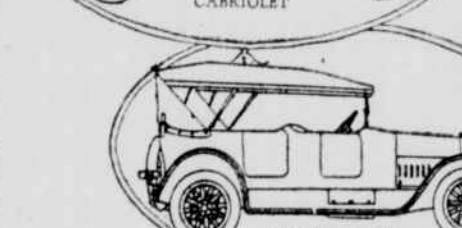
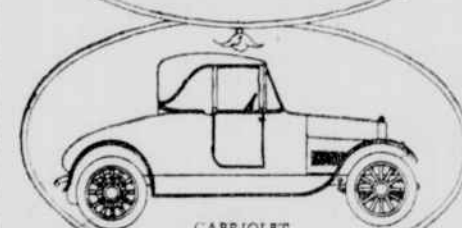
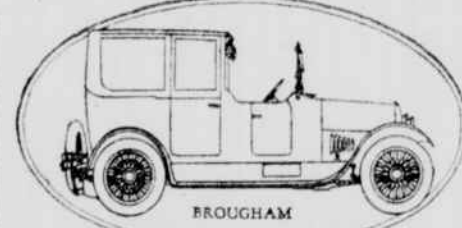
The Real Show Never Ends
The automobile manufacturers' show is over, but the real show—the
owners' show—runs the year around, up and down the highways of
the land. And in this biggest of all shows, the car you drive is your
personal "exhibit."

UNDER the electric glitter of an indoor show,
almost every car looks pretty good. But the
test comes later, in the owners' highway show,
when every other owner, every friend, every
passerby is a critic of your exhibit, and judges the
car you have chosen. Day after day your car is
"measured." Its power, snap, speed, smoothness,
and hill-climbing are tested by fellow owners, and
its beauty is judged by everybody who has eyes
to see.

To own a car that holds its head up in any
company is a delight. To own a car that pictures
your personal ideals in lines and colors is a satis-
faction. You are sure of both when you select a
Winton Six. Our artists are keen to create for
you precisely the effect you most desire, down to
the smallest detail, and you will drive a car every-
where able to hold its own, and always a distinct-
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ice. Simply telephone Columbus 3580.

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and again to the DANIELS exhibit, attracted by the
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It might interest you to know who bought
DANIELS Eights at the Salon.

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owners upon request.

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